

WAR CRY

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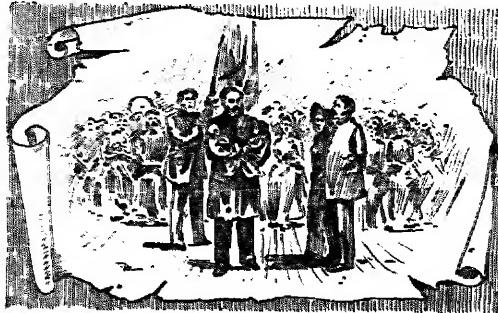
THE WESTERN PROVINCE. BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

VICTORY IN THE WEST!

Brigadier Margetts Reports a Hallelujah Tour. Sinners Getting Converted and Soldiers Sanctified.

WILLIAM AND PEARL DEDICATED.

A Splendid Budget of Soul-Saving News.



THE ROCKIES.



ME officers and ankle who are stationed in Winnipeg, and I spent a most happy and profitable hour and a half together in prayer and counsel, the day previous to my departure for the present trip. God drew near unto us, inspiring our souls with fresh faith and zeal, to make our efforts more effectual in pulling men out of the fire.

We also took advantage of the few minutes' stay at the Portage, Carberry, and Brandon depots, to get a chat in the interests of the war, and say "God bless you" to our comrades, Westcott, Captain Smith, and Adjutant Major, who are still planning and pushing away to upset the devil's kingdom.

Arrived Moosomin 3:30 p.m. Looked up and down the depot platform two or three times, hoping to see a Salvationist of any description. Not one to be seen. Went direct to the barracks, which was dark and empty. Hurried up the Officers' quarters, to find no one at home. Tried to effect an entrance at doors both in front and at rear of building, but to no purpose. After some more searching, found Captain Flaws and the "faithful few" just at the tail end of a

COTTAGE PRAYER MEETING. Just in time to give my testimony and have a word of prayer, etc., with them. Had a nice time the following night, but on account of having to catch the train our meeting was somewhat spoiled.

COTTAGE MEETING. Why don't we do more in this line? Many a sinner has been convicted, many a soul saved, and many a saint sanctified as the direct or indirect result of red-hot cottage meetings. I am hoping to hear of something being accomplished in this way before many days have passed by, and am

THE WAR CRY.

ghts and Sayings

OUR HOLINESS COLUMN

DEATH CONSECRATION.

Notes of an Address by Mr. W. Brewster Booth, the Chief of the International Staff.

D BY J. H. MERRITT.
inal thought—though not the woman with the mace said, it is recorded that added the Master, but only did Him with the hand of salt, we only read of us

ight is, this woman had no child when once she touched a garment, but the great pressing through the throng.

that the same state of affairs among the hundreds who came to see me, and I judge from the results, few who touch Him will find that causes virtue to go dead them of their sin.

to the second idea, I have met in S. A. meetings the monopolized by them—on, who come to recall all, that is to be all, that can be criticized,

who are really anxious to are crowded into the hall to struggle to get to the to be saved. If I were on no few strangers attend meetings, I would say is was so many of this class who long, and stood to pray that they seem to be most power and influence, and get right up to the front, to getting others saved, anyone else, but you have to ends, and if you want to get penitent form, you have to their feet.

for the above, I would say, and soldiers turn their breastwork of the devil, hot for this mighty heat and hard-headed sinners will not get out of the way get saved, they will get out the building. In the shells will only be cover to hell, as they are, and their absence from will give us a chance to people within a charter range of also make the way clearer forms.

an illustration of the way God for their souls' little child, who had been a flower, planted it in the ground, and waiting to strike root and develop, pulling the slip up and looking were any roots sprouting that the slip died, and the, but for her impatience, one a nice plant.

a case with lots of young come to the penitent form, seek pardon, and receive the spirit; but instead of grow in grace and in their Lord and Saviour, they and want to see the fruits has had time to grow. In two young converts expect to understand as well, and to stand as much as a man has been serving God for it: "When I was a child, I thought as a child," and for all young converts to it: "First the blade, then the full corn doth appear."

apply to the peace and of righteousness is peace, righteousness is quietness ever. If, then, a person the fruits must first do righteousness. I am afraid the peace of God instead of, and thereby fail to find it impair His righteousness, he truly seek Him, and the all in all is love, joy, peace, all never, indeed can never, the peace and joy of His without they truly form themselves willing to receive His will.

one said to the Lord, "I cannot make me clean;" that is, not only a belief to cleanse, but also a perfect part to be cleansed. The day to day in while they Christ's power, they then williness.

How are You to do it?

There comes into my mind the resolution

of a night I saw some time ago. I was visiting one of our soldiers, a woman with a husband and five or six little children, who was dying. I had known her a little when she was up and about. I was asked to go and see her, and I went. She was a good woman, a disciple of Jesus Christ; an honest, laborious, industrious child of God, who, I believe, so far as I had opportunity of observing, served Him up to the measure of light she had with a single eye, and did her best to promote the objects He had at heart. Yet she was one of those people that served in sadness. She served Him with very little of that abounding joy of which He spoke to us this morning. When she was dying they asked me to go and see her. I went several times. There was a good soldier nursing her. I went up into the small house she had in the east of London. At my first visit she seemed very sad and very quiet. I got very little answer to my questions about her soul, about her children, and about how she was. The next visit she seemed still more gloomy, and still more inclined to doubt the power of God and the power of Christ to deliver.

"Oh, Mamma, it is nice!"

So I feel to-night that I can look up into my Father's face, and I can say to Him, "Aba, Father, it is nice to be saved." Therefore I want to acknowledge before Him, to His praise and glory, that I believe He has given me a rich, big blessing in my own soul, and I will now willingly to shout, "Hallelujah!" for the blessing which has come to me—not for yourselves this time, but everybody for me! (The audience then responded with a shout.) Now you shall say "Hallelujah!" for yourselves altogether. (Another similar response from the audience.)

It is the Cross, now, that God wants to lead us up to. The scheme, the idea, the purpose, the plan of our redemption was not merely to accomplish the salvation of our souls—the salvation of my soul—but the underlying idea of the redeeming scheme was that He might lead us up. What for? To be followers of Christ. He was to be the first-born of many brethren. He was to tread the wine-press alone; He was to go to Gethsemane and Calvary; He was to be a man of sorrows and suffering; and He cries and burdens and agonizes not for His own sins, but on account of the sins of others.

He was to be the firstborn of many brethren, in order to lead the way, in order to make the road plain, to make the path straight; so that we, poor and ignorant as the world is pleased to think us, and weak and feeble, and full of infirmities, might be able to follow in His footsteps; that we might be able to accomplish—to fill up, doesn't it fit—to fill up the measure of His suffering for a sinning world, and to bear about in our bodies the marks of His death, and to testify with our lives, and to give evidence by our lives, of the power of Divine love for a lost and perishing world. Then, my dear comrades, my brethren and sisters, I tell you to-night that that being God's purpose,

He is Blesed Able to Carry It Out.

This is God's idea, His plan, His scheme—what He has described, in His own words, as being the grand, ultimate, highest end for which He has created and redeemed every soul in this place, in this vast audience. Oh, may God bring us up to it!

I have been thinking as I sat here of this sacrifice—this giving ourselves for the salvation of others; how is it to be accomplished? How are we going to get the power to make that sacrifice? We want to make it. I have looked into some of your faces to-night. On the corridor, and in this place to-day, I have felt that I could see in you a longing and yearning desire to accomplish something more for the salvation of men and the glory of God. I have seen it there, to-night, while talking to you. I see portrayed on your faces, I read in your countenances, that you want to do something for this race Jesus, for this Christ, this Man of Sorrows, who took the cup and drank it. I feel that your hearts are searched, and moved, and broken within you, with a longing desire to do something for a perishing world. You want to do it, yet you don't realize the power to make that sacrifice. You want to pour out those marks of His death; you want to fill up the measure of His suffering; you want to realize the power of His resurrection; you want to accomplish mighty things for the fallen and wretched, through which the Divine electricity shall pass from the throne of God, and from the heart of Christ to the down-trodden, fallen, suffering, and sinful world.

One said to the Lord, "I cannot make me clean;" that is, not only a belief to cleanse, but also a perfect part to be cleansed. The day to day in while they Christ's power, they then williness.

and I said to her, "I see that our sister is in a better condition of mind to-day. How is it? What is the change?" "What has brought about the change?" "Oh," she said, "it was about two o'clock yesterday morning, when she got up in bed and had all the children taken up and brought round her bed. She gave them all to God one by one; then she gave her husband to God; then she said to me, 'Now I have left all go, now I can trust my God,' and the glory came into her soul." I heard her again afterwards. She lived some time after that. I found no departure of the joy, and the peace, and the satisfaction, the confidence in the realization of the presence of God; the present realization of a burning light in her own breast that shamed upon the darkness of the cold water as she went over, realizing and triumphing in the power of the presence of a triumphant Jesus.

When I talked to her she said, "O, Mr. Brewster, I don't care now whether I live or die. I have given my husband to the Lord; I have given my children to the Lord; they are all gone, the Lord has got them. I can leave them with the Lord,

real, literal, absolute, unconditional, of all your possessions into the hands of Almighty Jesus, then He will take p.

Will you do it now? There are P. children, your business, your time. You man, we want man. You young woman we want woman. We, do I say? Christ wants them! Young man, you ought to be an officer. Young woman, you ought to go to the heathen. You officers here, who have given God something, but have not given Him all. God wants all. Shall He have all? I tell you, it must be a real gift.

That dear woman had sung many consecration songs, been to many a holiness meeting, but she had not come up to the point of making a full consecration, and therefore she never had the glory, and peace, and triumph, and confidence, and victory that comes from the red yielding of ourselves, and all we are, to God. When you make that consecration, then the power to sacrifice yourself, the power to show forth the death of Jesus, the power to boast in Christ crucified,

The Power to Deserve the Shame,

will be yours. That is what made Jesus do it. He came to the death consecration in that garden with the bloody sweat streaming from His precious brow. His heart broken with the world's sin. He knelt on the ground and said, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me—if it be possible, let the world be saved without this suffering—but not My will but Thine be done."

That was death consecration. And then He despised the shame, and endured the cross, because He saw the glory which should be revealed hereafter. Come, this is the accepted time to begin a new life of victory, joy, peace and power. God bless and help you! Amen!

The Abandonment of Self.

Selishness is the very sap of sin. So strong and subtle is it that the spiritual life of the great majority of Christian men is enfeebled and weakened by its presence. Their very religion is adulterated by the mixture of this alloy with the precious metals of faith, and love, and joy. Do they prize some selfish desire strives to be first in all their petitions, rather than the will and the glory of God, and they plead, "My will be done," when they ought to cry, "Not my will, O Lord, but Thine, be done." Do they seek souls; selfish honor and personal success creep in. Do they bear public witness to Christ; self lays claim to some of the credit which belongs only to the Bleeding Lamb. And recognizing that some deliverance from this mixed and wandering experience is a necessity of any abiding rest of soul, tens of thousands have cried out—

"Oh, hide this self from me, that I may never let Christ in me any longer!
My wife affections cruelty,
Nor let one desire but survive.
In all things or nothing let me see."
—*John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.*

This life of self and selfish desire, as it is manifest in those whose hearts are not entirely sanctified, will appear in its true aspect if it is placed in contrast with the life of perfect love and full assurance of faith, which is the privilege of every reader of these words. The life of self has its centre in the creature; the life of faith finds its central attraction and anchorage in the Creator. Earth and earthly joys and comforts and prosperities are ever before the one; it is the voice of the human crying out to be satisfied with the human. To the other, God alone appears sufficient. Faith sees in the fulness of God all the soul can need, and she seeks and finds.

The soul that lives the selfish life lives in an ever-changing experience. It attaches itself to the changing elements around it—creature goods, worldly advantage, human kindnesses; these things change, and so the unsanctified soul goes up and down also—light and shadow, strength and weakness, the warmth and glow of love and the barrenness and coldness of doubt follow one another so quickly that real progress is impossible. In the life of faith all is fixed on God and His favor; all looks in the same direction, and as He changeth not the soul that so lives abides in Him, under His wings, in the secret of His strength, in the holy place of His purity and His presence.

And the life of selfish desire is a life of struggle and conflict. It must be satisfied by laying hold first of this and that passing pleasure or fleeting consolation. Sorrows sometimes lead the soul to God, but often to trust in some poor created thing, some broken cistern of its own, and all life is a weary story. The soul that lives this

My Covenant.

I promise I will be true. I will not betray Thy interests, or sell Thee for fame or gain. I want to call Thee, dear Jesus, that Thou art my teacher, or me in sorrow or sunshine, loss or gain, peace or war, life or death. And I will also be true to my comrades. I will try to love and serve them as Thou hast loved me. I will seek to cover their faults and forgive their unkindness. I will pray over their weaknesses, and weep over their sins, and so I will prove my love to Thee by the love I bear to my brethren and sisters.

QUOTATION FROM "MY COVENANT FOR 1894," BY MRS. BREWSTER BOOTH.

I went the third time. This time I was so satisfied that the time of departure was at hand, that I felt I must make a determined effort to get some light and liberty into her soul. I prayed—and prayed again. Still there seemed to be no little response! She wept, her husband wept, the older children, whom I had brought into the room, wept; the comrade who was nursing them wept, and we all wept together. It seemed hard; it seemed as if the light, so much wanted, did not come. I was praying and did not know what to do. At last I sent them all out of the room, and I had some talk with her by myself. I could not understand her, as she seemed to be in such difficulty about something; however, I prayed again with her alone, and left some words of counsel, the best I could give.

When I went again (the visit was the last I ever made), as soon as I got on the stairs which led to her chamber, the door was open, and I heard her saying in foolish tones, which yet were full of life and joy, "Blessed be God."

As I climbed the stairs I met the nurse,

and it does not matter whether I get well, or whether I die." She triumphed, and went down into the river.

With Songs on Her Lips and Joy upon Her Face.

"Ah," you say, "that was a death joy, that was a death agony, that was a death liberty, that was a death blessedness." Yea, right you are; but what brought it? It was a death consecration; it was that blessed letting-go of friends, of time, of husband, of children, and possessions, and life, and death, and embracing the blessed will of God; and saying, "Lord, whether I live or die, Thy holy will be done." Now, what you want is to get the power to make that sacrifice. That is what you want; you need not wait till you come to die.

Our Jesus is the Saviour of the living. You need not wait till the fingers of death are upon your breast, and your time is gone, and nothing but the reckoning day left; you need not wait till then. You can have this liberty now; but you must make the death consecration; you must come to the end of yourself; you must make this

BAL BILL.

's Life and a er's Death.

Jesus, performing an act of charity to all on His Throne,

Wm. Shropshire (Happy Bill), who passed away on February 3d, lived a glorious soldier's life, died a triumphant soldier's death, and received a salvation soldier's funeral. Some nine years ago our comrade was a drunkard, overcome by sin. Although of a happy disposition, he could not find any peace in following his own way towards the salvation of his soul; Captain Lewis is to bat for meetings, however, a wounded and converted man, said, "His conversion, I remember it as if it were yesterday; afterwards, and so much of that happy, free of God as in those of the we for good speed for and

and harassed by his work; there was a "Proteus the Devil!" In the battles, never so great that he could not bring the seal of the host. "Or while driving his team, as he loved to call it, he had a cheer-up for all the team, rig, never got off a road but salvation shot; in every meeting, in every service, in every place, he fell ill, and in convalescence, he did not attend meetings as before. Bless

en Very Low, because seemed to avoid any, became weaker, and lay the entire confined to his bed. He lit up with the glories of salvation with joy. Many were comforted him, while some said as he talked to them of what he went to see him, that they were visiting him, he said, from day to day, changed completely round, in the cross S. A.

"Captain, why don't you go to heaven?" A Christian lady said, "It may be well for you to do that!" but we can only say, of his death, I visited him, and about to cross over the threshold.

The Rev. Dr. Phillips, spoke of his preaching headed by his corps, made its way Cemetery, where our comrade laid beside those of other who had gone before. Phillips prayed that "every heart may feel Thy touch to-night," and the service was well attended. The need soon shall bring CAPTAIN H. G. BAKER.

R THE
War Cry.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS,
all persons interested in
THE WAR CRY, to send along
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Cry the brightest, most
best ever published in



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Holiness Conventions

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Y.W.C.A. HALL, TORONTO, CATCH ON.

The Promise of a Mighty Holiness Revival.

A LARGER HALL IN DEMAND ALREADY.

Commandant and Mrs. Booth Lead On.

The Y. W. C. A. promises on this street a handsomely constructed pile of buildings. Through the main entrance way there is a pretty, well lighted hall, capable of seating some three hundred people, which is admirably adapted for such meetings as the Commandant and

Mrs. Booth

have been holding there during the Friday evenings of February.

The meeting on the 10th was a glorious one; much prayer had been offered before-hand, and that always ensures power afterwards.

When the Commandant and Mrs. Booth entered the already well-filled hall there was a shout of welcome. A re-adjustment of seats and we were all in shape for a real camp time. Phillips prayed that "every heart may feel Thy touch to-night," and the

service was well attended. The need soon shall bring CAPTAIN H. G. BAKER.

Bearing Faces

and praising expressions of many as if a class of the convention told how truly that petition had been answered.

After the Editor of the WAR CRY had played, Cowan petitioned "that that beautiful spirit You manifested on earth may be manifested in and through us," which well expressed the whole object of the meeting.

"Then hast the power to best me, then hast the power to keep me. Then know the heart that have I told Thee, take it for ever Time—only Thee."

So we sang, while the blessing of the Lord began to fall like dew on Hermon. Staff Captain Streeton promised obedience for us all.

The Commandant

did he had a deep sense of the hand of God upon him; perhaps never more conscious of His Divine Presence.

Since first entering this privileged city his heart had been set on conducting a series of holiness meetings that would prove a great blessing, and he hoped this one was to be the commencement of such a series.

The object of the gathering was:

1. To bring all who are strangers to full salvation into the real presence of a clean heart, life, purpose and actions, so that there would go out people whose characters would be a credit to Jesus Christ.

2. To increase by mutual intercession that unity, fellowship, and love, we have for each other.

3. To deepen the

Spiritual Experience

of all. We all want to be nearer, to have more holiness religion: more knowledge of Jesus Christ; a clearer insight into their will, and greater to do that will.

Concerning his address, the Commandant remarked, "God can bring His own under the corruption of the world, why not a revival here?" We were advised to have our pulse counts outside.

Picksides, preaches in, was to be the rule in the meetings. There are conditions to the successful issue of any undertaking, as there would be to this series of meetings.

Illustratedly an expedition to the North Pole. Every person, from the principal officer to ship's boy, must subordinate themselves and their feelings to the great object of the expedition—there would be no room for personal ambition to that end. So with us.

Referring to an illustration previously used, the Commandant said: "When we are at our arrival, the grand

Musicians

concert, prepare in, was to be the rule in the meetings. There are conditions to the successful issue of any undertaking, as there would be to this series of meetings.

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Following these preliminary remarks, the Commandant gave an address on

"Real Religion."

which was well listened to. He clearly showed that it is easier which gives more energy to action.

"Our work, if done for Jesus, will catch the smile of His blessed face; but if done for self—a mere work—what is it but filthy rags? Thus

Mrs. Herbert Booth

rose to sing and speak.

The writer begs to apologize for so ill reporting Mrs. Booth's words, but really the blessed, happy, shouting glad influences that pervaded the meeting from the start, had now no increment, that one wanted to

Laugh Outright

with holy ecstasy, and shout hallelujah at the top of one's voice, just to be consistent with one's realizations.

We joined down from Mrs. Booth's opening song:

"One sweet word, 'Trust.'

Closing all this discourses into heavenly harmony."

No doubt we ought to apologize to Ensign Jones for saying so, but the very piano accompaniment seems too attractive that Mrs. Booth is

singing. Touch the keyboard very softly, Ensign, in your next accompaniment, please.

Mrs. Booth

had been too busy with domestic duties to prepare much, but she had prayed earnestly about the meeting. One of her associates thereupon suggested: "Let us look at God down here for us than up above; of companionship of our fellowmen. In the Army before dedicated, but adults must be dedicated too, and the dedication must go all through life. The text, Mrs. Booth quoted for our edification was Ecclesiastes II, 24 and 25. "He is not a man which is one outwardly, etc.

He is a Salvationist, who in one inwardly, God sees deeper than the clothes. The Lord Jesus Christ was down among those who have only

Externals

He called the Universe more actors, and not true men. Holiness is separation from the evil. We do not need to know much; the apostles were not all learned men, but they became pillars in the Church through their characters. In the midst of her speaking, Mrs. Booth, on the inspiration of the moment, burst into song; it was a most lovely verse that was quoted: "The joy pervading the meeting became intense. Although the hall was very large (about 10 o'clock) the hall was still crowded with people, and even the doors were pushed open to allow the

Sweet Words

to reach those who could not enter.

The net was not pulled in in the usual way, nevertheless an opportunity was made for any who wished to dedicate themselves to Jesus, and while the final song was ascending, two young men volunteered to the front, and dedicated themselves fully saved.

If the meetings continue to have in them the influence that descended on this one, the Y.W.C.A. Hall will be far strait.

Will you, esteemed reader, pray that the presence of God may be manifested in the meetings yet more abundantly.

JOHN COWLIN.

RIVERSIDE'S TENTH.

The Amazons to the Front.

FINE CROWDS—SPLENDID MEETINGS

Number One and His Mate Turns Up.

SOME FACTS BY "OBSERVER."

Sunday, the 14th, was a red-letter day in the annals of Riverside corps history. The year had rolled by since the first shot was fired here, and now they were celebrating that event.

Mrs. Brigadier de Barratt, Mrs. Staff Captain Jones, Mrs. Emma Cowlin, and others were the privileged ones to take the field that day.

The holiness meeting was one of deep, spiritual worth, and we believe many hearts went out after God at this time. The testimonies and readings were distinctly definite, and altogether a most soul-purifying time was spent. Hallelujah!

AFTERNOON MEETING.

In the afternoon, two of Headquarters' staff (who, for want of a better appellation, will be called Number One and Two), turned up to give Mrs. de Barratt and her aides a lift. The afternoon march has been

Quite an institution, and every Sunday the hearts of the poor sufferers, who languish in the wards of the General Hospital, are made glad by the strains of our salvation music. This afternoon was no exception, and although the marching was anything but desirable, we went there just the same.

A well-filled barracks greeted us on our return. Mrs. de Barratt led us off with that old time, of many memories,

"Come and sing."

which was sung with

Great gusto.

Mrs. Staff Captain Jewer having prayed, and a song rung out of the C. O., Number Two was destined to lead the testimonies. Number One stalled; but his mate did his best. A lively chorus was then sung, in way of a preliminary center, and then we had very little trouble to get testimonies; and all seemed eager to have a say in the matter, among the number of the first converts. Out of the

TEN LEGENDS CLEANSED,

only one returned to give the glory—not to him, though this was the tenth.

there were found not a few who had come up to give all the glory to Him Who had saved them, through the medium of our glorious Army.

Things had loosened up considerably by now, and it was thought a fit thing to do, to have

A March,

so off we went (Mrs. de Barratt leading) around the barracks. We thanked God for liberty and freedom, such as only He can give.

Numerous One

then read, clutching home the truth by an incident that had come under his personal notice. Captain May, of the Home of Rest, next followed, with song and exhortation. Then Mrs. de Barratt pleaded her Master's cause, urging all to be reconciled to God through Christ. After every opportunity was given, we closed without seeing any visitors.

The night's meeting was very fittingly preceded by a united prayer meeting, where we claimed the witness and help to press home the truth to the consciousness of that large conourse of people that had assembled.

Mrs. Jewer read to us of

Free Gift of Jesus,

demonstrating how willing God was to save. Captain May's solo and appeal was quite in line, and Mrs. Phillips sang to us that soul-stirring solo.

"On, ever on to eternity."

Number One was also in evidence, likewise his mate. Mrs. Brigadier de Barratt's final appeal was a strong one; and though we wrestled hard and long for souls, without avail, we left Riverside feeling we had done our duty.

LEVEL BEST FOR ALL

concerned, believing that at the squaring up time some will be found who were eternally benefitted by our labors there that day.

NUMBER TWO.

MONDAY.

Riverside, having existed ten winters, and as many summers, has just celebrated its anniversary. Captain Banks, who is in charge, decided on having a banquet, and wife made that he is, invited the Brigadier of his Province to be present. Of course, the invitation was accepted, and the Captain duly laid some transparencies pointed to that effect, and also announced other officers, some of "move on" fame, and others bearing the stamp of Headquarters. "The times are hard, and you can't expect to make it a success," was the cry of more than one prognosticator, but read what follows:

IT IS A FACT

That a good crowd came to the banquet. That they were not turned empty away.

That they got what they came for.

That a table for the Juniors was heavily taxed with good things.

That the aforesaid table was not suffered to be taxed long.

That a march followed, and roused the whole neighborhood.

That about thirty children were on the march.

That the barracks was full when we returned.

That it was a startling meeting.

That several officers were seen to dance while we sang the second song.

That a certain Brigadier was guilty of the said accusation.

That, on a fair trial, the platform could produce more testimony than the audience.

That Riverside folks have, and can enjoy a bit of Salvation life.

That the Brigadier's appeal to backsliders was most impressive and convincing.

That it was a red-hot prayer meeting.

That two souls came out, sought salvation, and got it.

That another dance followed, and that everyone felt the glory.

That God is blessing Riverside, and

That He will continue to do so if hearts keep faithful.

OBSERVER.

CAN YOU WRITE ?

The year before the introduction of cheap postage to England the average number of letters written by each person in a year was three. It is now thirty-six. In 1839 eighty-two million letters were posted. It is now more than one thousand two hundred and eighty millions per year.

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Central Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER de BARRITT.

GLORIOUS TIMES OF VICTORY.

The Brigadier and Staff-Captain Jevor on Tour.

Of course everyone has heard about the new Province — Central Ontario. Brigadier de Barritt has charged his leaders with five districts from Brantford down to Peterborough. This first care would be for those

officers who, under the new arrangements, would look upon him as their spiritual bishop. So a trip to Hamilton was decided, with a night at Oakville on the way. Accordingly, about five o'clock you could have seen three worthy Salvationists heading the train of Union depot, viz : Brigadier de Barritt, Staff Captain and Mrs. Jevor.

OAKVILLE soon reached we met Captain Horrigan and Cadet Rose rejoicing amidst great difficulties. The night was very rough, as a storm had been sweeping over hill and dale all the day; nevertheless, a good crowd had gathered to see and hear their new Provincial officers and his A.D.C. The meeting passed off very nicely, indeed ; singing, prayer, and testimony bearing the truth in open to the people's hearts and consciences.

When the Brigadier read from God's Word about the humility of Christ's Gospel, I believe many were made to feel as never before that it is simplicity, with sincere hearts, they must enter the new kingdom.

The people came early to get a comfortable seat, and before the meeting started nearly every seat was filled. The opening song,

he was in charge of that country, previous to his coming to Canada. The people were interested, and I am sure will greatly hail the time when their beloved leader will make his coming again. One could easily see the love of Hamilton live in his soul, such as is manifested by real Salvationists. They know how to sing, too, and as Staff-Capt. Jevor thought, when the General's name comes the people caught up the strain most beautfully, singing it over and over again. The more they sang the more they wanted to.

A council with local officers and soldiers was announced from six to seven, so all had to hurry from the afternoon meeting to get a cup of tea and be there in time, for none wanted to miss any of the blessings so freely given to all. Some

ONE SOUL FOR CLEANING,
and there was no better way to stay in unity of holding out against God.

CASE TO THE CROSS.

Truly such a time before the Throne was the finest preparation for the open-air and night meetings.

The people came early to get a comfortable seat, and before the meeting started nearly every seat was filled. The opening song,

"There is a friend,"

ever. Ensign Jevor in prayer, followed by Mrs. de Barritt, after which Mrs. Jevor sang a suitable psalm for the singer.

The soul of God's Holy Spirit truly rested upon the mind, and the people were drawn in the truth that was given from the lips of whom hearken God had touched and set on fire for the salvation of others. Brigadier read from God's word, followed by words of exhortation from Mrs. de Barritt and Mrs. Jevor. Then the Staff-Captain policed in the net, when

ONE AFTER ANOTHER CASE AND EVILS
at the foot of the world's Redemer. Such a time as

TWO SISTERS AGAIN

at the Merrymont. Their brother, who had been married the previous Friday, kept beside them helping them into the light. Then there was rejoicing at one after another here sent money to the poor to ransom the weaker and set the prisoner free. One would need to have been taught to know and enjoy the spirit of liberty that prevailed. Hence, therefore, some danced, whilst we sang the song of deliverance.

Fourteen meetings, indoor and out-door, were held from Friday up to Sunday night.

The Junior meeting held between the hours of two and three, was very useful and helpful. Brigadier had a very nice talk with the Juniors. One class was conducted by a sister of Captain Harrison.

We left Hamilton full of praise and gratitude to God for the way in which He had helped us and in helping those who hold the fort, and not only held the fort but also forth striking the enemy here and there, capturing prisoners for our King.

May God continue to bless and inspire your heart with courage, Ensign Alkenhead, and those of your faithful colleagues, Captain Frank, Lieutenant Debe, and Cadet K. H. J.

Stevensonia.

TORONTO III. reports grand victories for the past week. Jesus is the Conqueror over self and sin. Here His dear name for ever.

SIX YOUTH CRUSADE
came forward at the holiness meeting on Friday, also one soul.

THE PREVIOUS NIGHT ; ONE SUNDAY MORNING, THREE SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Some of whom are on the march, speaking and singing for Jesus. Telecasts had to go, too, this time. Wherein timestamp, beholding wherein a little piece in one corner of his pocket, God enabled him to give it up. Oh, for a clean sweep of everything. Yet, to come out boldly for the Master's sake. Oh, the need of everyone being cut-out for God. Now an enrolment, a farewell tea, a farewell meeting, and our two officers have closed at Linton Street. Our love is forever shut up. We treat of God, Who gives guidance. America! We call it to Jesus. He answers all our calls. Praise His Name over. Sergeant Max Sturzweiler, Special Correspondent.

THREE DEAR ONES

wanted to renounce all sin and consecrate themselves to Christ by a living faith in Him, so fervently they came with her invitation. Were they disappointed? Ah, no ; they came and went on their way rejoicing. Praise God.

Comrades meet at City Hall for the open-air at 7:30 sharp, the Niagara cities out. They did meet, and a grand time was realized.

The afternoon meeting was beautiful indeed. The Brigadier gave an interesting account of the work in South America, when

2nd ; met at the station, by Captain Brooks and a few soldiers, who seemed quite happy. We had a lovely holiness meeting at night, and

ONE CAME OUT FOR SALVATION.

and is doing well. Praise God for ever. Saturday night's meeting went with a swing, as the old meetings all day Sunday, and

TWO MORE OUT WITH GOD.

Both Lieutenant White, Captain Brooks, and myself have endeavored to give no quarter to the devil ; soldiers, too, have a proper lot, and they are doing fine Newcomers. This past week has been a glorious one. God has been very near, and

TWO MORE HAVE MADE A SURRENDER,

and there are lots more who are deeply convicted, and I believe will soon be saved.

God bless you, dear Editor, and may you do much good in the land of the Maple Leaf, to which I give you a hearty welcome. Yours in the holy way. —Ensign D. McAMMOND.

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We Join 'Em.

Words by CAPT. NEILSON, Australia.

Allegro. m.

As I went out the other night I heard a terrible roar,
I haven't seen heard of that lot of mad folks They call the Salvation Band. They
asked a comrade what it meant, He said, "Why, don't you know, What,
they are Blood-and-Fire soldiers. And 'gainst sin they've taken their stand.
They're just going down to their open-air stand,
No, come, and let's hear what they say :
We followed them down till they formed in a ring.
The Captain told someone to pray ;
But they sang, and jumped, and danced about,
Till I really thought they'd gone mad,
When a soldier stepped into the ring, and said,
It was only because they were glad.

Spoken :— I was trying to get a closer look at them, when my mate said to me,
"Don't you get too close to them, old man, or else they will think you want to join 'em." This touched my dignity. The idea of me wanting to join a lot like them. Then said I to him :—

Chorus,
Me join 'em ? me join 'em ?
Me join 'em ? me join 'em ? why, what do you think I am ?
Me join 'em ? me join 'em ? I'm glad that I've got more sense !

1st time.
Me join 'em ? me join 'em ?
Me join 'em ? me join 'em ? It's only a lot of them !

2nd time. crot.
You must be blind, or else you'd see. They're after the dollars and cents.

I listened to what they had to say, intent on having a look.
When some one stepped right into the ring and told how he'd lived in the dark.
"But now," he said, "I live in the light of Jesus and his love."
Who left his glory and kingly crown to win me a home above.
I followed them down to their meeting place, the Captain invited me in.
I took a seat well up to the front, immediately gave out a hymn.
They sang it three "mid clapping of hands, a Soldier led them in prayer,
And prayed for me in such a way that I could do nothing but share.

Spoken :— My mate gave me a dig in the ribs and said : "My word, old man they have got you set." I said to him : "It's Little Tom trouble about that lot." Said he : "Why, wouldn't you join 'em ?" You should have seen the look I gave him as, I said :— Me join 'em, etc.

I wished that meeting would come to an end. I didn't like to go out, my conscience told me I was wrong, and I ought to turn round about. The spirit strove with me so strong, I felt that I was lost, So I took up my cross ; determined to have salvation whatever it cost. Then the Captain came and pointed me to the Lamb that was slain on the tree ; I seized by faith the promise of God—salvation full and free. I rose to my feet a new made man, with the knowledge of sin forgiven, I threw myself in my lot with the noisy crew, and now I am going to Heaven.

And I've joined 'em. I've joined 'em,
My sins are all forgiven,
I've joined 'em. I've joined 'em,
I'm on my way to heaven,
For Jesus now I'll live and die,
And tell out the story of love,
How I left His glory and kingly crown,

Contents of this Issue.

- THE WESTERN PROVINCE (ILLUSTRATED).
- DEATH CONSECRATION, by the Chief-of-Staff.
- MR. SPENCER WALTON INTERVIEWED.
- "GENERAL BILL."
- COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH AT THE Y. W. C. A.
- MRS. BOOTH AT INCTRABLES HOME.
- GATE OF WORLD'S "CITY."
- SOCIAL REVOLUTION.
- "WE JOIN 'EM!"
- EDITORIAL.
- NEWS FROM THE PROVINCE.
- SONGS OF THE NATION.
- Etc., Etc.

centre ; on the contrary, his centre of moral gravity becomes the Lord Jesus Christ.

Here is Bill Sikes, the boorish ; for years he has lived to gratify his selfish appetite for drink. To gain that end, he has repeatedly robbed his unfortunate wife and ill-clad children of the very necessities of life. From the place where he stands to the horizon all around, he sees value in nothing, only as it ministers to him. But Bill Sikes gets saved. At once all is changed. His own domestic circle first reaps the benefit. From the home, the change radiates outward as far as his influence reaches. The rule of his life is, "As to others as I would they should do to me." He is rectified as a husband, a father, a citizen. If the misdeed Poundie had but yielded to the urging of the Divine Spirit, which in common with all he once had, he might to-day have been in right relationship himself with God and man, instead of lying shattered through the deadly explosive he designed for others, and at the Great Reckoning Day in the Morning of Eternity, he would probably have been found with a balance on the right side, instead of being a bankrupt there.

SALVATION RESULTS.

A recent issue of the Empire contains the following :—

The great Henry Irving is coming next week, and notwithstanding the ethereal prices, patrons of the Grand and especially struggled for hours to buy tickets, which the latter sold in some instances at \$15 per seat. That Torontonians can spend \$15 an hour while they enjoy themselves in a theatre is the best proof that things in this city are not so bad as painted by certain pessimists.

Another column describes a meeting of the unemployed at St. Andrew's Hall, and is headed, "Work or Bread." The following quotation being typical of the results noted :—

Mr. D. A. Cory, in an eloquent speech, moved as follows : "That a delegation of unemployed men be given the day council to ask them to set aside a certain sum of money with the object of giving the destitute work or bread."

From a third column we quote the following :—

London, Feb. 15.—A loud explosion was heard just after nightfall by the keepers of Greenwich Park, about six miles from London bridge. A hasty search led to the discovery of a man mutilated and gorging with pain on the hilltop near the observatory. His legs were shattered. One arm had been blown from his body, and he had been almost completely dismembered. As soon as he became conscious of the keepers' presence he begged them to help him or kill him. He became insensible within five minutes, and ten minutes after being carried to the Seaman's Hospital he died. English and French papers found in the man's pockets showed that he was Martial Poundie, a French anarchist.

A hurried investigation of Poundie's life in London goes to show that he was a member of a dangerous anarchist conspiracy. He carried with him undoubtedly the explosives which ended his death.

And these are three of the most prominently typical features of the present high civilization. It is a day of superficial luxury and of painful poverty, with the cowering form of anarchism in the back-ground, vainly seeking by dynamite and other such physical forces to rectify the wrong. The worker is, men do not see that the men who to-day would explode a bomb upon a lot of innocent, defenceless people, would to-morrow, had he the opportunity, become the oppressor himself.

SALVATION METHODS.

No ! The cause of the wrong lies deeper in man than any physical force can deal with, and it is to the satisfaction of every Salvationist to know that, in seeking the salvation of the individual, the Army is taking the short and only road to the immediate and permanent cure of the world's aching heart of trouble. Selfishness is the pregnant root of every modern social ill ; but every man, who gets properly saved, at once comes to live from the self

EYES FRONT !

Look Out Next Week

FOR REPORT OF

LADY ABERDEEN

At the Pavilion.



GAZETTE.

MARRIED—

Brigade-Captain Henry Freeman (who came out of St. John's L., Nfld., in December, 1888, and has now the oversight of the Newfoundland Southern District) to Captain Rachel Earle (who came out of Bay Roberts in May, 1889, and was last stationed at Hants Harbor.) At Harbor Grace, on Wednesday, February 7th, by Staff-Captain J. Eard.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Ontario.

MRS.

The Hor

BENEATH TH

"Sermons in Sto

It is impossible to accomo
Mercy in their weekly visits
Home for Incurables without
found admiration for the ex
well-ordered government of
invitation.

The more often you enter
along the lofty and beautiful
up the broad stairways, and in
rooms of the patients, the more
impressed with the prevailing

Quiet Char

in spite of the suffering ; even
speak of peace and comfort a
strange contrast to the
desolate workday scenes
gather, the summer-green p
down, the ministering nurse
cup or tea-tray ; the kindly
tive thumb and finger on the
dispensary ; all these speak
it is prevented.

In the Christian WAR CRI
wrote of an inmate who has to
tion day and night, having
but nine years, in the midst

Intense and Relent

and suffering. Knowing little
except through the League an
—of which she is one of the
resorts—nevertheless, for some
has felt strongly stirred to the
us with, until finally it was
environs should take place.

In a certain corner the League
the Commandant, Mrs. Booth, to
start the idea in its system

It was no wonder then, t
looked forward to the little
we believe is one of the most
records of Army encampments,
teaching of triumph through
Jew, over sin, and pain and

Knowing by the white
Prostate enflamed, it is a violent
severe pain, Mrs. Booth said
the impressive words of the
Around her also knelt the
League, whilst "the flag with

Infinite Symbol

was uplifted above the head
and our new comrade-sister.

It was difficult to refrain fr
thought of those whom we
the colors, had cast them over
blood, in many a raging, hellic
this sister's feet may never

"march up the golden street."

And yet such victory, suc
like the very chamber of pe
the little four-walled room, e
by faith, the purify grotto of
City, with its radiance of
beyond compare. Instead of
shelf of dried seaweed and
sunbeam leaves, one saw the
of the glorious summer combi
where ever-vibrant fields abo
withering flowers. Instead of

Row of Stone

and minerals—that have been
and weary tedious of many
watch—one could only look at
when these specimens had been
from the mountains, or washed
the stream, whilst all the time
set up within that angelic
the milky white of the rock
what could we do but turn fr
of the beautiful public on the
spine of this country up there
several gateways of one peac
the city was pure gold
transparent glass?"

Oh, the color of that city
cious stones and gems—where
the light thereof! Oh, the a

The Amethyst, and the

How could one help but be
true ! But no—we were still on
war, and ready to fight ; and
and agony, and death in the r
the din of the battle.

But our "comrade-sister"
had her heart broken by stra
and action, when a little girl

MRS. BOOTH

AT —

The Home for Incurables.

BENEATH THE FLAG WITH THE FIERY STAR.

"Sermons in Stones, Books in the Running Brooks, and God in Everything."

It is impossible to accompany the League of Mercy in their weekly visits to the Pacific Home for Incurables without a sense of profound admiration for the exquisite system and well-ordered government of this large city institution.

The more often you enter the hall, and stand along the long and beautiful corridor, and up the broad stairways, and into the hospitable rooms of the patients, the more you become impressed with the prevailing tone of

Quiet Cheerfulness

In spite of the suffering : everything seems to speak of peace and comfort of last, something strangely in contrast to the feverish, rush of the outside world. The ringing candles, the summer-green plants in the windows, the ministering nurses, with medicine-upon-tea-tray ; the kindly doctor with caress, "Good-night" singer or the piano in the dispensary ; all three speak of suffering cured if not removed.

In the Christmas War Cry Mrs. de Harriet wrote of an inmate who has to lie in one position day and night, having done so for the past six years, in the midst of

Interest and Religious Pains

and suffering. Knowing little of the Army, except through the League and our literature — which she is one of the most earnest students of — for some time past, she has often asked us to show her the book with which we may be able to help her in her interest and religious pains.

In a certain sense the League is the child of the Commandant, Mrs. Booth being the first to start the idea in its systematic form.

It was no wonder, then, that Mrs. Booth looked forward to the little ceremony, which we believe is one of the most touching in the records of Army encampments ; profound in its teaching of triumph through the Blood of Jesus, over sin, and pain and death.

Reeling by the white bed-side of the prostrate sufferer, in a voice vibrating with maternal pathos, Mrs. Booth slowly pronounced the impressive words of the Articles of War. Around her also knelt the members of the League, whilst "the flag with the fiery star," and with it

Infinite Symbolism,

was uplifted above the heads of our leader and our new commander.

It was difficult to refrain from tears as we thought of where we have to march beneath the colors, had cost them even to their life-blood ; as many a raging, insatiate moon ; whilst this sister's feet may never walk, till they "march us the golden street."

And yet such victory, such rest ! It felt like the very chamber of peace ! Instead of the little four-walled room, one seemed to rise, by faith, the pauper gates of the Heavenly City, with its radiance of glory, its bliss beyond compare. Instead of the vases on the shelf of dried red-rowan berries and brown autumn leaves, one saw the boundless wealth of the glorious summer coming, and the Land where ever-verdant fields abound, and never-withering flowers. Instead of the

Rows of Stones

and minerals — that have beguiled the pain and weary tedious of many a long night-watch — one could only look away to the time when these specimens had been rough-hewn from the mountains, or washed in the sand of the streams, whilst all the time a rainbow was cast within that unpolished crystal, or the milky white of the rock-crystal. Then what could we do but turn from the markings of the beautiful pictures of the beach to think again of that country up there "where every second gate was of one pearl, and the streets of the city were pure gold, as it were transparent glass."

On the other of that city — with its precious stones and gems — where "the Lamb is the light thereof." Oh, the sapphires, and

The Amethyst, and the Jasper !

How could one help but be impotent to be true !

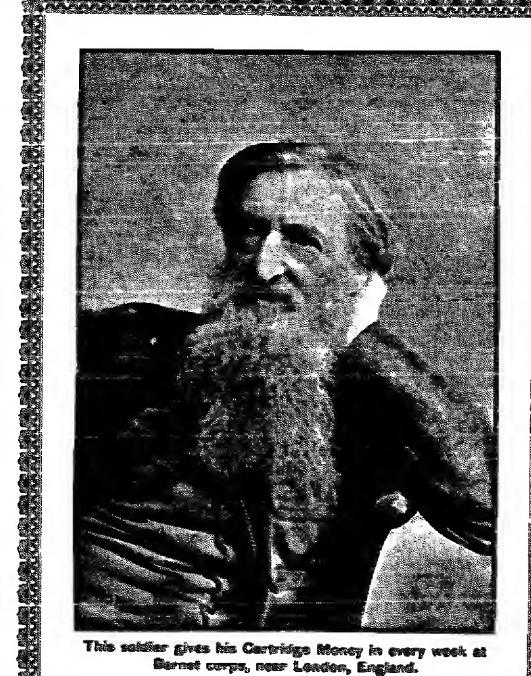
But no — we were still on earth ; some to suffer, and some to fight ; some for kindness and mercy, and some in the sun and the rattle — "the sun of the battle."

— "the sun, moreover — still under the colors of our command — testifying how the Lord had her testimony won since her conversion, with a little girl of thirteen, and

how her one desire was to live for the honor of "Jesus only" ; in fact, after everyone in the room had testified — still testifying — Mrs. Booth again sang, with the tender melody of her own voice and the autoharp. Earlier in the afternoon at the sister's special request, Mr. Booth had selected her own favorite song from the Christmas Carols : while all the service through, it seemed as if never was the language of the whole, so closely were our

Best-Loved Choruses

interspersed, with prayer and speech.



This soldier gives his Cartridge Money in every week at Barnet corps, near London, England.

We add a few words of our sister's written testimony, both in prose and verse. It may be in her quiet room she will live, for our sake, some fragment of God's truth, that in her hurried life we are too busy to catch. It is certain that God does permit vicarious suffering ; so, maybe, in living for "Jesus only" — in a sense she did not dream — she shall be truly "living for others," according to the motto Mrs. Booth had for her, with her own Maple Leaf design.

St. Peter Maria Sharpless writes —

"I love you, dear friends. These are the words of our Savior to St. Peter : and now we send the love for me. Oh, may we never cease to remember it ! Yes, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee !"

It is my earnest desire, my fervent prayer, that I remember Thee, and that I may be enabled to receive Thee into My Throne in Heaven.

Whether I suffering, or serving, let all, everyone, send our love to Jesus, the burning love of our hearts !

"*ON HER LOVE AND POWER I REST*"

Let every mineral, every rock,

Pray Jesus ;

Let every green, every leaf,

Pray Jesus ;

One, crystal, fossil, all combine

To speak of Him, our Lord Jesus,

Our hands, our voices, all unite to sing His name ;

Pray Jesus.

Let hurtless stones, each golden sheet,
Pray Jesus ;
Each blade of grass, each clover-leaf,
Pray Jesus ;

Forests and woods in tangled mass,

Pray Jesus ; birds and insects, just to raise

Our hand, Pray Jesus ;

Clouds and winds in tempestuous song of power,

Pray Jesus ;

Salvation Army hats and bonnets,

Pray Jesus ;

Smart men, men, Whose grace surprises,

Pray Jesus ;

Surprised men, men, Who have known

Our, already our, Lord Jesus,

Out in His service, gladly go,

Pray Jesus !

— "The great reckoning day that they have al-

ready had their reward, and they will miss the hundred fold that God has promised.

"Then shall He answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not unto Me."

Salvation Songs.

The Only Safe Way Home.

BY MARY WHITAKER.

TUNE.—"Only Jesus will I know."

Other ways may seem quite right
To the soul not in the light ;
But there's just one way to heaven—
Tis by walking in the light.

CHORUS.

"Tis the only safe way home,
Tis the only safe way home ;
Washed in Jesus' precious blood,
Walking in the light of God.

Christian, whether may betide,
From this path fare not aside ;
At the end for all the faithful,
Heaven's gate is opened wide.

Lukewarm Christians, everywhere,
I would say to you, "Bowen,
Tis a slippery path you're treading,
And 'twould end in dark despair !"

Soupin, I would speak to you—
You who scorn God's chosen few ;
In your heart, oh, are you certain
Tis a safe way you pursue ?

Caroless singer, do not wait
Until you are just too late ;
But come, enter ye the safe way
Leading to that golden gate.

Fighting For Our King.

BY MERCHANT W. LANG, PEPPERDORF.

TUNE.—"Now the chains of sin are broken ; or,
We are out on the ocean sailing. B. B. 74.

2 We are fighting for the Saviour,
Yes, we're fighting for our King :
Fighting 'gainst the host of Satan,
And we know that we shall win.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, Jesus died for me,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, I am free, I am free.

We will trust our great Commander
Through the fighting is severe,
For above the noise of battle
Our Commander's voice we hear.

Brother fighter still the armor,
Victory is our battle-cry ;
And whereso'er the battle rage,
At His bidding we will fly.

King Jesus.

BY CAPTAIN W. GARNETT.

TUNE.—"Fight for Jesus. ("B.J." 61.)

3 We are fighting for King Jesus,
As Salvation soldiers can ;
He does lead us, and does guide us,
And we never suffer harm.

Through the fighting is hard,
Yet we do it not regard ;

Still we fight, and mean to win,

For Christ our Lord.

CHORUS.

We'll fight away, and win the day,
And never will give in,

Though the devil he may try his best to daunt

us ;

For victory is our battle cry,

We'll make the devil fly,

And his majesty we're sure to drive before us.

Fight on fight on, as you have done of yore;

Fight on, fight on, for Jesus is on before.

Sometimes when we meet the enemy,

And he looks so tall and strong,

And our faith's a little shaken,

Yet we boldly march along,

Right along we mean to go,

Victory is our battle song ;

Soon we'll hear the blaster say,

"My sons, well done !"

In past battles we have conquered,

Through the fight seemed very hard,

At one time a bit disengaged,

Yet we did not it regard.

With our backs bent on we go,

And the enemy will show,

What the Army of God can do,

While here below.

What is given should be given from the depths of our heart should be given unto God. There are people who will only give to certain persons, but such will find on

\$20,000.

A gentleman once met Mr. Wesley, and told him he was worth twenty thousand pounds, and remembered the time when he had attended one of his (Wesley's) sermons, and put a shilling in the plate, because the pastor had stated the Lord was a good paymaster.

After a severe attack of illness lying quietly on my bed, partially recovering, I thought, somewhat dolorously, that the time was ripe for getting back to my Lord. The disease is of course still here, but my friends and myself fully expected I would have recovered. Suddenly the cheering thought occurred, "If I can change my place to Christ, I can change my body." So I did, that is, I gave my entire身心 to Christ, and instantly He received it on His Throne in Heaven.

Whether I suffering, or serving, let all, everyone, send our love to Jesus, the burning love of our hearts !

"*ON HER LOVE AND POWER I REST*"

Let every mineral, every rock,

Pray Jesus ;

Let every green, every leaf,

Pray Jesus ;

One, crystal, fossil, all combine

To speak of Him, our Lord Jesus,

Our hands, our voices, all unite to sing His name ;

Pray Jesus.

FRONT !
ext Week
ERDEEN
Non.
FTE.

H. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Social Operations.



The Lifeboat, Toronto.

"Weep not for spring gone,
Live up for the future.
Tell up for Jesus.
The Ministry to Men."

Captain Frank Freeman, of the Lifeboat, writing on paper, containing the following list of branches of the Social Work here in Toronto:

WORKERS' HOMES.
PRISON GATE HOME.
COAL AND WOOD YARD.
LABOR BUREAU.
SERVANTS' REGISTRY.
ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT.

gives us the following information:-

The Social Work is still thriving, both at the Lifeboat and in the Wood Yard. We sleep weekly an average of 130 men, and have given employment to about 150 men during the last two months in the Wood Yard, and we have had some great cases of recoveries also.

One man who had drawn himself into fits, and got so nervous he was going to die, called unto God in his misery. He would not move his head or hands, and offered up the clover off his feet for ten cents to buy warmth with, having no cent to his name, saved, and for five weeks has been telling what great things God has done for him. His face really shone, and the great and marvellous change God has wrought, is nothing less than a MIRACLE.

As we talk to one and another, we find the arrow has reached some, and we are believing for many more before the winter is over.

Oh, yes, wasn't it grand to see so many of us marching down Yonge Street at the other night to the Commandant's meeting at the Temple; saved and unsaved? No respecter of persons are we! And didn't we look nice in the gallery all together? And would you believe it, they all fixed a volley at the Commandant and Mrs. Beetham's appearance? Did you hear that VOLLEY, Commandant?

Our friends are rallying up to our assistance in the kindly line, and are also in taking our coupon books to help the unemployed.

A LADY writes us: "I have just heard of your system of relief, and it seems to me to fit in a most judicious manner a long-felt need on the part of those desiring to assist the poor. Kindly send at once a book of tickets."

God bless that lady, and help her to make known to others our plan of helping the unemployed!

— CAPTAIN FRANK FREEMAN.

The Farthing Breakfasts.

PITIFUL SIGHTS.

Increasing Crowds in the Briskling Rain.

These interesting breakfasts have, during the past week, proved a greater blessing than ever. The cold, damp weather has intensified the distress in thousands of poor homes, and through the wet mists and rains of early morning, thousands of the bedraggled and half-starved children of the poor have made their way through the squalor of slumdom, to the bright and cheerful Army barracks, there to obtain a little warmth and food, which in too many cases is, alas! all they get during the entire day.

No less than 25,000 breakfasts have been distributed during the last week; but unless our friends help liberally, the work

must, we fear, be curtailed. Will our friends, therefore, please remember the poor starving little ones, and

Forward Donations for the Support of the Work.

Refreshing reports reach us from the various centres, where this good work is being carried on in connection with our London corps, telling of the gratitude which has been evoked from the poor starving little ones, for whom benefit the breakfasts were instituted, and the increased sympathy and support on the part of the public.

FEEDING THE HUNGRY CHILDREN AT DRURY LANE.

By the London Slim Secretary.

It was just after seven when I arrived at our converted public-house (the Rose and Crown), in Clerkenwell, Drury Lane. It was still dark, the street lamps were still alight, and it was raining a little, but already there was one poor little fellow, half-naked and dirty, waiting for the doors to open.

At half past seven the doors were opened, and from them till just upon nine the hungry, ill-clad, unshaven and wretched children streamed in, still nearly 150 had been fed. And not only children, but several hungry-looking women came to know whether we could serve them with a meal. One of them on being told that the breakfasts were for children, only turned to me and said, "Well, brother, I'm glad to see you looking after the poor little ones."

To see the children having their luncheons is most touching, and often brings tears to my eyes. The hungry looks and actions, the awful dirt, the plainly-written

Marks of Suffering

upon their faces, the ragged clothing, and, above all, the glad look of satisfaction that overpowers their faces when they eat their roll and drink the hot coffee, cannot be described—it must be seen to be appreciated.

They can't understand why we should feed them on, and many of them sit looking at us in open-eyed, open-mouthed wonder.

"Pence," said one little chap, who had just been in, to another who was standing at the door, "a big pauper boy and a big pauper mug of 'coffee,' so all for a farthing."

The following speak for themselves:-

"Oh, sister," said a ten-year-old girl, as she left, after a good breakfast, "I feel ready hunting."

"Ah," remarked a big boy in a patrolling way to a little one, "I 'spose they give you a bit o' bread and just a drop o' coffee?"

"No they don't," replied the little one, "you get a jolly big bun and as much coffee as you can get outside o'."

When the cold was very intense, and the snow on the ground, a young girl came this morning. On the second morning she met the Lieutenant with the remark,

"Sister, the coffee I drank yesterday morning

Kept Me Warm in School

all the morning."

Some of the children are such little mites that their mothers have to bring them along. One of these little mites always used to come to "the Army breakfast" on even to the winter. The mother told me that she is the eldest of three, and she only looked about three, the mother herself looking not much over twenty.

One poor little lad hung round the door for a long time. At last I said,

"Have you had your breakfast?"

He shook his head.

"Are you coming here to breakfast?"

Another shake.

"Are you going to have any breakfast?"

Still another shake.

"Why don't you come?"

"Please, sir, ain't got no money."

"How's that?"

"Mother spent it all, sir. I ain't got no father, and she keeps on spending the money in drink."

He looked so pleadingly at me that I let him in, although it only wanted five minutes to school-time. He ran in, drank the soup up quickly and then tore off to school, literally devouring the rolls as he went.

We are believing that our friends and the friends of the poor starving children are going to help us to keep these breakfasts going for many weeks yet; but we must have the money to do this.

Please Send Your Donations Quickly!

SHADWELL.

Boothian, Islington, conditions the condition of the little mites that attend our farthing breakfasts at Shadwell. It is worth the farthing to hear and see them crowd into our little sum hall. All are invited to come and see.

While visiting from home to home on Friday, I met a poor woman, who greeted me with, "Much obliged to you, miss. It is worth the farthing to hear and see them crowd into our little sum hall. All are invited to come and see."

"Nothing is impossible to a willing mind," Hence the farthing breakfast was succeeded during the early hours of Wednesday in groping his way from the extreme West of London to Malabur Street, Millwall, via Fenchurch Street and West India Docks. Captain Petitt and his staff of ready helpers, those whom special permission had been given to the use of the name of Junior Sergeant Major Calvert, and an unnamed laundress, who delights in washing the caps and scarves, and scrubbing the barracks floor without fee or reward, are all "early birds," and united they manage to "get steam up" every morning at about seven o'clock, for many of the children, who attend the breakfasts at this centre, have to walk long distances in order to reach school. On Wednesday, all wings had been supplied by eight o'clock, and a quarter of an hour later the barracks was empty. But a

A MORNING AT MILLWALL.

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father had had the misfortune to break his ribs a week before Christmas, and had not been able to do a stroke of work until two days ago. Mother had been taken ill, and had been carried off to the madhouse, and she, as the eldest child, had been obliged to do the best she could in looking after the whole family. "But," said the poor girl, "I have found it very hard and very trying work, with scarcely a copper to help us, and hardly any clothes to put upon the children's back. Father had a sovereign some time before Christmas, and he has been sick since, and it goes as far as he can. We have had hardly any food for days together, and those breakfasts are the best that we can get, and have been all that we have had for some days, except a bit of bacon and beans to us along."

Another distressing case was that told by a girl of twelve, one of a family of nine, whose father, out of employment, received three shillings a week, and a shilling's worth of meat from the parochial authorities, and upon this, with other trifles from charitable sources, parents and children, had had to subsist for the past month or two. Two beds "accommodated" the whole family.

The work at Millwall is full of interest and encouragement. The farthing breakfasts are greatly appreciated alike by the parents and children. Contributors to the fund may rest assured that young, many honest women have been made glad, and many hearts lightened, and many appetites appealed by the introduction of this blessed movement into one of the poorest district of the Thames.—*Derby England Gazette.*

Grand and Blessed Work

had been performed.

The editor had received information with regard to the Millwall breakfast in an encroaching letter from the Captain of the corps. Writing only a week previous to the visit of our representative, she said: "We are sending over a hundred really needy children every morning. A great many come with very little clothing upon them, and no boots or stockings on. They wait at the doors long before the time to open them. When we took the tickets to the schools, the teachers hailed the movement with delight, and said how thankful the little ones would be. Thank God! we are also witnessing them to our meetings through the breakfasts, some of them children who have never been to a Sunday School before. We supply them with rolls, six inches in width, with currants. Some of them ask to take a little piece home to their mothers, who, with their babies, have nothing for breakfast. Among those who attend are many babies, who are too young to walk, and their brothers and sisters carry them. One little fellow has been coming to get some coffee "to make him strong." He says he has been ill, and that his mother is in the poor to give him coffee for his breakfast. This is

THE ONLY SUBSTANTIAL MEAL

some of them get all day."

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The motley crowd of boys and girls assembled on Wednesday morning last, contained not a few whose sparse clothing and pinched faces gave abundant evidence of excessive poverty. And what bitter stories were related to our reporter!

A girl of thirteen, in rags, holding by the hand a dot of three, and having the charge of two other mites, who were ravenously devouring the rolls as she went.

We are believing that our friends and the friends of the poor starving children are going to help us to keep these breakfasts going for many weeks yet; but we must have the money to do this.

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Songs of the Nations.

"Sing unto the Lord; for He hath done excellent things; this is known in all the earth. Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."—ISAIAH.

United States.

TOO LATE.

BY EDWARD FALMER, CORUNNA, MICHIGAN.

TUNE—*Hark, howe sweet home.*

"Some time" said the lad, "a Christian life'll try,
I'll give God my heart before I come to die;
But this life's so gay, and the world is so bright,
That although I would like to, I'll not come to-night."

"No, no, not to-night,
Although I would like to,
I'll not come to-night."

He went from the hall, and he made his way home.
While still Jesus plied and begged Him to come;
He said: "There is plenty of time yet for me.
And some time in future a Christian life'll be."

THIRD CHORUS.

"No, no, not to-night;
Although I would like to,
I'll not come to-night."

Alas! for his boasting—in vain were they all.
That night the Death Angel upon him did call;
His soul was required, and he must pay the cost;
He died with the words on his lips: "I am lost!"

THIRD CHORUS.

"Lost, lost, I am lost!"
He died with the words
On his lips: "I am lost!"

Now sinner, dear sinner, do not tempt this late;
Oh, come to the favour ere it is too late;
Oh, think of his doom, and come and get right,
With pardon and mercy are offered to-night.

LAST CHORUS.

"Come, come, come to-night,
While Jesus is pleading,
Oh, come, come to-night."

India.

FOR ONE AND ALL.

BY VENKAT, MAJOR T. D. CUNLIFFE, CALCUTTA, I.

TUNE—*In evil long I took delight.*

For one and all beneath the sway
Of Satan's cruel rod,
The Christ of Calvary gives to-day,
Sweet freedom through His blood.

creates.

God is good, oh, bless His name!
He saves from misery,
Makes old hearts new, and holy, and true,
And keeps eternally.

It comes by faith on His dear Son,
This gift of love so great;
Open to all, refused to none—
To us no longer wait.

If in this world you to Him turn,
And serve Him with your might,
A rich reward you'll surely earn,
When faith is lost in sight.

South Africa.

SEEK HIS MERCY NOW.

BY WILL MAXFIELD.

TUNE—*Save, Lord, Malone.*

3 Sinner, thou art drifting on,
Every chance will soon be gone;
To the feet of Jesus come,
Seek His mercy now.

CHORUS.

Rock to Jesus pressing,
Claim salvation's blessing;
Freely pardon's offered thee,
Come to Him just now.

Why speed on against the light,
On toward eternal night,
With the judgment Throne in sight,
There to meet your doom?

Hasten to the precious Blood,
Come to Calvary's crimson flood;
God through Christ will make you good,
Come without delay.

Let us, as
to our Master,
and in his
service for His com-
mands. He is immedi-
ately covers this
world. He will rend
himself to us. Then
turning to our present
service we have served the
world only used
in our service of

salvation.

come;

and

therefore

the authority for

clergyman com-

mands,

tempted to rely

on me, and that it

He dealt with

it to stimulate;

but he would be

ready to sink

like a man!

A New National Anthem.

Derwent English Canticle, 1868 AUSTRALIA

Mr. H. Barberham, of Newmarket-on-Tyne, who recently visited the English Farm Colonies, mentions that in his travels he has seen many scenes, in which was a poor or strayed sheep being run over, apparently nearly a ewe lamb. It contained a short poem, entitled, "God help the poor!" and concluding—

Barbara emmoxie lie
On the mountain side.
Hard to endure!
But the poor workers pay
By tax in token wages
From the ston'd family.
God help the poor!

Great God, the poor befriend,
Let thy right arm defend—
Thy strength is sure.
Aid in our rights to get,
And in our trials to bear.
Freedom for Englandmen.
God help the poor!

England.

HOLINESS.

BY R. R.

TUNE—*Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge.* ("R. J.", No. 51.)

5 Claim deliverance, claim deliverance,
Claim deliverance, claim it now;
Christ now waits to make you holy,
Breathe to him your solemn vow.
Claim deliverance,
Claim deliverance, claim it now.

Claim deliverance, claim deliverance,
From all sin, and self, and pride;
Venture on him, venture fully,
Plunge into the Crimson Tide,
Claim deliverance,
Claim deliverance, claim it now.

Claim deliverance, claim deliverance,
Now from every sin be free;
Millions have received their freedom,
Surely He has died for them.
Claim deliverance,
Claim deliverance, claim it now.

Claim deliverance, claim deliverance,
Victory have through Jesus' blood;
Though the past has been a failure,
Venture on the living God,
Claim deliverance,
Claim deliverance, claim it now.

SECOND CHORUS.
I've deliverance,
I have got deliverance now.

New Zealand.

WHAT AWAITS ME.

BY H. H. HEATLEY.

TUNE—*Just before the battle; or, Turn to the Lord.*

6 Loving Jesus, have I grieved Thee?
Tender Shepherd, have I strayed?
Hear I, Lord, through sin displeased Thee?
Hear I let my first love fade?
Am I but a poor backslider,
Feeding the backs of sin?
The once felt joy, "the tree, has vanished,
I have now no peace within.

CHORUS.

Will He heal the broken-hearted?
Will He set the prisoners free?
Must I die in awful bondage?
Down, dark doom awaits for me.

Loving Jesus, oft I wonder
When I think of things above;
Something fills my instant spirit,
Telling me I've lost my love.
Can it be that I, a soldier,
Could so far in sin have strayed?
I am but a poor backslider,
I have let my first love fade.

Pardon, pardon, loving Jesus;
Speak thy pardon to my soul;
Once again my vows renewing,
I am coming—make me whole.
Pardon all my past backsliding;
Holy power, dear Jesus, give;
Make me, Lord, a mighty blessing;
For thy glory I shall live.

SECOND CHORUS.

Now He heals the broken-hearted,
Now He sets the captive free;
Now I rise to greater conquests,
Jesus gives me victory.

Canada.

OUTSIDE THE FOLD.

BY W. KIRKIE, KINGSTON.

TUNE—*He took me in.* (D.J.)

7 I once was shut outside the fold,
And doomed to die there in the cold;
My garments were all stained with sin,
I cried to Christ; He took me in.

CHORUS.

He took me in.

For long I wandered o'er the wild,
Away from home, an erring child,
Till Jesus sought me where I strayed,
And now from all my sin I'm saved.

All my years of sin and woe
Are gone for ever now I know;
My soul with rapture now doth sing,
Since Jesus found and took me in.



"Charity Suffereth Long."—1 Cor. viii. 4.

It is a story recorded in Jewish books, that when Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down: but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his staff, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God: at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham and asked Him where the stranger was. He replied: "I thrust him away because he did not worship Thee." God answered him: "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he disdained Me; and couldst thou not entice him for one night, when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon this, says the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction.

"Go thou and do likewise," said thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.

Australia.

ON BETHLEHEM'S PLAINS.

BY THE FORGE BLACKSMITH.

TUNE—*Christ is all.* ("B.J.", 167.)

4 On Bethlehem's plains, at midnight's hour,
An angel bright and clothed in power
Unto the shepherds calls—

"Behold to you this day is born
In人身 mean, of lowly form,
A Saviour, King of all."

CHORUS.

King of kings, and Lord of all,

He came to die for all;

King of kings, and Lord of all,

He came to die for all.

The glory shone around,
The shepherds stood on hallowed ground,
While angel voices call.

Glory to God and blessings then,
Goodwill and peace on earth to men;

They praise Him one and all.

Then in the manger near the inn
They found the Saviour, Who for sin

Was born to die for all.

Then praises raise them every one
To God, Who sent His only Son
To suffer once for all.

He spent His life in doing good,
And telling sinners how His blood

Would soon be shed for all.

He healed their sick, the dead He raised,
And deaf and dumb His goodness praised,

And then He died for all.

On Calvary's cross behold Him die,
The sun is darkened, and the sky

Is covered with a veil.

Oh, come and take a closer view,
He hangs upon that cross for you;

He dies, but once for all.

centuries of its history
3,000,000 converts to
the Army methods
and more, but in the
last century than in the
centuries before.—Joseph Cook,

says:—"Those who
use the Army methods
report and financial
and note the PRACTICAL
MEASURES by which
they stand upon their legs and
have been trodden down
not for a substance."

Four, in India, visits
Hills every day, and
If the inmates of my
out, and the door shut,
THE DOOR, and prays
and save them where-

want the Salvation
streets. Somerville
beer is sold and all
are done, and the feet
of the Christian foot
in comparison. Or,
so many bass singers
in the ranks. With bass drum accom-
pany on the nerves.—

"War Cry"
EXPRESS."

War Cry selling
so I used a few.
No S. A. corps here
ounds of War Crys
the sale of which we
e," and believing to
of God on earth as

old one War Cry is
in; the next place
er's shop, and there I
s. In the second
ound a news-boy try-
ing the War Cry;
now he can by then,
young men to whom I
the barber's shop had
to him for a copy of

mysterious way," were
to my lips, and pray-
on the lids who had
Cry round to the
for a world-wide
third note, where
old me we couldn't
the weather was too
warm her heart, and
called at the fourth
"war path." Here
ing my voice was
Cry round to the
to buy, and bought
to a man who sold he
two weeks ago a man
whilst I was in the
he I passed through
I saw the man

"I got a War Cry
and my mission took a
hot paper." Another
remarked: "I'm not
going to be one more
War Cry." Bumping
right away, I went
for the opportunity
ourselves, especially of

that my husband and
the Methodist Church.
son and a brother are
A. flag, in the Cheyenne
boy has inherited
R. A. spirit, for
grow a real "Salvation"
"Gratitude to God
was the reason my
years) began to sell
ago. At first it was
had lost all thought
of God's service. I
though first myself so
nearly recommended it to
God bless you.

YLLERS OF DURHAM.

West Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER HOLLAND.

A GLORIOUS BATCH OF REPORTS.

HALLELUJAH!

Cheerful.

"Flying Squadron" to the front all day Sunday. Marvelous meeting. Pentecostal scenes enacted. **SIX HOURS**

at the evening meeting crying for mercy. Glorious liberty of spirit; much blessing.—Adjutant Anchorage.

SIMCOE.

WANTED FROM EVERY READER OF THIS REPORT
A BIG HALLELUJAH!

JUST DELIGHTFUL!

"Great Elevation." Our first impressions: Is. That the devil was here, and that he was awake and alive to his interests, from the fact that some of his followers were on the platform about the time they were going to have that night. At the quarters we met Judge Ayre and Captain Huntington. An impression, that Judge Ayre looked more like being in bed than going to a meeting, having a bad attack of asthma just then. But he told us he is never bothered in the meetings. He led the meeting that night, and

SIX HOURS

professed conversion. 3rd impression, that Judge Ayre was going right, and that it was going to be harder work to take up another man's work that was beginning, and keep it honest, than to take up a good concern and make it honest. I left my weakness, but I threw myself on God.

I am pleased to say the work is going on just as if nothing had happened; soldiers and people have felt it with our way of running meetings tip-top, and souls are getting saved.

SIXTH SUNDAY, AND SEVEN

CLEANING, in the last week. Platform too small to hold the soldiers and converts. Marches increasing in numbers, and to-day we are cleaning out the gallery, which has not been used for

a long time, to accommodate the crowds. The Holy Ghost is working, and many people are under conviction.

God has done a wonderful work in the quarters, too, this past week. Captain Huntington, who has had classes for years, and was very near sightless, has received perfect sight through prayer and faith, and the glasses are thrown away. He was also troubled with dyspepsia very bad, and nervous debility; going around in great pain, and could not do much; he is

ENTIRELY CURED BY FAITH IN JESUS, and in the meeting last night you would have thought he never had been sick.

Miss next week. *Our joy!—A. Case, Knight.*

Stratford.

Since you last heard from this place, God has been helping us in a special manner. Captain Orchard, late of India, was given a grand Sunday School, and gave us a grand gift. Over 200 people gathered in the barracks Sunday evening. Altogether we had a grand time, and finished up the week with

FOUR SUNDAYS.—Captain Ko. Lee,

Cheltenham.

Still the war rage, and victory comes our efforts. There is a general advance in this place. Soldiers are getting filled with the strong Holy Ghost fire. One recruit has been enrolled, and still there is more to follow.

ANOTHER SOUL HAS BEEN CONVERTED to God, and

WAR CRY ARE ALL SOLD OUT every week; so look out for further increase when our Lieutenant arrives. Yours to conquer.—Captain T. H. McLean.

beverages; that all such drinks can, with perfect safety, be discontinued, either suddenly or gradually; and that total and universal abstinence from alcoholic liquors and intoxicating beverages of all sorts would greatly contribute to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race."

Yet a third declaration was drawn up in 1871, on the suggestion of Mr. Ernest Hart, and signed by two hundred and sixty-nine of the leading medical physicians and surgeons, including Sir George Rose, Dr. Thomas Watson, Sir H. Holland, William Ferguson, Sir James Paget, Sir Edmund Martin, Sir Henry Thompson, Sir Duncan Gilt, and Sir James Hartley.

This document contained these words:—"The undersigned, while unable to abdicate the use of alcohol in the treatment of certain cases of disease, are yet of opinion that no medical practitioner should prescribe it without a sense of grave responsibility. They believe that alcohol, in whatever form, should be prescribed with much care on new powerful drugs, and that the directions for its use should be so framed, as not to be interpreted as a cause for excess, or necessarily for the continuance of its use when the condition is past."—From "Review of the Churches" for January.

GLORIOUSLY TRUE.

As when you reckon with your creditor or your host; and as when you have paid all, you reckon yourself free, so now reckon with God. Jesus has paid all; and hath paid all for thee! Hath purchased thy pardon and holiness. Therefore, it is now God's command: reckon thyself dead indeed unto sin; and thou art alive unto God from this hour! Oh, begin—begin to reckon now! Few are! Believe, believe, believe! And continue to believe every moment; so shalt thou continue free.—Rev. John Fletcher.

You Hast Enhanced My Life.

BY A PRISONER.

Jesus, Thy name hath sweetest thrill,
And doth my heart with music fill
More rapturous than they
That merely tell of earthly joy,
Of pleasure that decay or clay,
For These names bliss without alloy,
In realms of endless day.

It saves the lost, makes strong the weak;
Its power is found by those who seek
They find with true desire;
For all who ever came have found
That grace more freely doth abound,
Has been with loving kindness crowned,
And sealed with holy fire.

And Then my life, Lord, hath redeemed,
When wronged but dire destruction seemed
My cure and certain lot;
And here, O Lord, my voice I raise
All through the dark and gloomy days,
In joyful music to Thy grace
Who hast my pardon bought.

May all my life be spent for Thee
Who set me from destruction free,

And may I always win
Some precious soul, dear Lord, for Thee,
For it my greatest bliss will be
To help some weary seeker free
His heart from load of sin.

CITY PURITY.

An American newspaper has been airing the views of public notabilities as to how to make New York City better. Mrs. Bellington Booth, the wife of the American leader of The Salvation Army, in the United States, made the following sensible contribution:—

"Bring religion down to an everyday human standard, instead of allowing it, for selfish reasons, to be shoved away up in the regions of sentimentalism, which God never intended it should inhabit.

The religion of Jesus Christ as set forth and lived out by Himself is the only hope for humanity either in the individual or community, and it is the most sincere, unselfish and transforming influence on earth.

If every Christian in name lived so in truth in this great city there would very soon be found ways and means to make New York's hell-hole pur.

It should not be forgotten that Society is made up of individuals, and that you cannot better it than away, but that patient, untiring, parental work must be done with each member before the whole can be improved.

An old poverty, fraud, keeping of dice, possible horse, paying of starteling wages, corruption of cities, the income, etc., are all committed by the individual, and the outcome of the wicked heart of the individual, the only way to solve the problem of "How to make New York Better" is to strike at the root and bring to bear upon the individual an influence sufficiently powerful to change the heart."

AFTER SEVEN YEARS.

A significant item in one of the corps reports, draws attention to the desirability of soldiers wearing uniforms. A soldier of seven years' standing has just ordered a cap, and the information comes with the order that this is the first article of uniform he has thought fit to wear. Salvationists, of all people in the world, ought not to be afraid of showing their colors, and the question arises how far this man's usefulness has been impaired through his neglect to conform to the uniform-wearing habit of his companions in the fight. A soldier tells us that he was first induced to wear the colors of his profession by a timely snub received at the hands of an unconverted man with whom he was dealing about his soul.

"Who are you?" said this man, speaking in his dialect. "Oh, I am a Salvationist," was the reply.

"Well, then, why don't you wear uniform as the rest of them do?" was the pertinent retort. "I believe in a man showing his colors!" and the Captain happening to come along at that moment, the unconverted teacher of morals patted him on the back and said—"This is the sort for me—a fellow who shows what he is to the world, wherever he goes."

Needless to say, the soldier was taught an invaluable lesson on uniform-wearing, which he now desires to pass on, for the benefit of other comrades.

Facts About Folks.

Major Vince is doing a double-barrelled wedding at Marton.

Mrs. Commissioner Carlisle has been Promoted from Sergeant of the Pengo corps for seven years.

Is it true that Captain Parsons, of the Pennsylvania Division, has been summoned to the ranks above.

When Charles Kingsley lay dying, one who bent over him, heard him whisper, "How beautiful God is!"

Nina Weston officers volunteered for Rescue Work in India at a meeting led by Colonels Nicol and Cox, at Mary Street, on Friday.

Miss C. M. Waller is contributing to the *Devout England Gazette*, the life story of her great aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, the "pioneer of prison work."

Colonel Hollingshead, and Colonel Mrs. Lawley have been appointed the Ward Sergeants of Lordship Lane, Wood Green.

Joe, the Turk, has been imprisoned no fewer than seventeen times since his conversion, in connection with his salvation Army work.

Adjutant Robertson, in challenging Staff-Captain Lord, says, "The Home Office Province is to enter London in Junior Soldier manner, perfection of organization, deeds of local officers, numbers of children, etc."

"On our travels," says Guard Dacherty, "we come across plenty of men who are out of work, and plenty of others who are in work on low wages; but the wages of sin never seem to alter."

Colonel Nicol's latest feat: Trained to Sheffield on Saturday, took part in opening campaign, wrote reports on pages 11 and 12, had interviewed thirty officers, and reported, "Ward system taking root; Juniors, ditto; devil will have to look out!"

We learn with sorrow that Mrs. Captain Woodward, late of Illinois, has had to lay down the sword, but with joy realize that she has taken up the crown and harp in the better land. Captain and Mrs. Woodward were in England, on furlough, when the death occurred.

Adelaide Mizner says: "Give much time to reading and meditating upon the Holy Scriptures, and as our Master in the desert replied to all the attacks of the enemy by quotations from the Book, so we also should seek our replies from the Bible. It is an arsenal for all kinds of weapons against all dangers and all enemies."

Adjutant Strong writes: "The Swedish corps was opened in Portland, Wednesday evening. Mrs. Strong writes me the hall was full, that there was much interest, though no souls. She says also that the faith of the officers is high."

The General says: "The Inferno of Today—Talk about Dante's hell, and all the horrors and cruelties of the torture-chamber of the lost! The man who walks with open eyes and with bleeding heart through the chambers of our civilization needs no such fantastic images of the past to teach him horror."

Colonel Rainey (Miss Lucy) intends doing a series of meetings in Bombay. The Colonel's rapid movements and heavy programmes brought forth the remark from a Scotch Indian Editor the other day, that if she continued to work at this rate the Colonel would not be long on the battle field. "Whatever you do, don't die," was the advice given to the Commissioner by a Missionary friend some years ago. Forget not to pray for the Colonel—that God may in every way be enough for her.

About Brother Hallmond: "Pegging away at his desk, writing out in longhand from his shorthand note book, or taking down from dictation other notes to be written out later on, one of Headquarters' workers may nearly always be seen adding to the already large number of epistles he has written. Since he started, some twenty-seven years ago, this good brother has handled the pen of a ready writer in the dictation of something like 300,000 letters. Quite true, these have not all gone out under the Army's name, but they have been doing this for quite a long while now, and the end is not yet. The Commissioner is likely to send out, in the last, another 300,000 letters, and his secretary, Brother Hallmond, is the man to write them."

